


## They Picked the Wrong Girl

Chapter 5

 285TVouchers

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I stood at the hospital entrance for a while.

Then, three guys and one girl came out, chatting and laughing like they did not have a care in the world.

I instinctively wanted to step aside and avoid them, but it was too late.

Eric had one hand in his pocket and was casually holding Regina's bag with the other. He raised an eyebrow when he saw me.

"You're still here?" He glanced at my calm expression, then smirked. "What, your fiancé bailed on you already?"

Sherman wandered over like nothing had happened. "Jenny, don't be so stubborn.

"That ring on your finger? Looks like it came out of a vending machine."

He gestured for us to go. "C'mon. You might've slapped me earlier, but it's been a while since we all hung out. I know a club—great food, even better fun."

Just like old times, he reached out like he was going to wrap an arm around me. Yet, I stepped away before he could.

"Tsk. Still got that temper. What, mad we didn't pick you earlier?"

He reached out, trying to pinch my cheek like I was still some harmless kid.

I dodged again. His fingers caught nothing but air, and his grin faltered for a beat.

Regina clutched Eric's arm, her fingers

tightening on his sleeve like she was scared I would blow up. "Jenny," she said sweetly, "you're not gonna be petty, right?"

Then, as if she was reminding me of something funny, she added, "Back then, we bet on who'd get your first kiss. You didn't even get mad when Eric went for it. You just closed your eyes and waited."

My breath caught.

On my eighteenth birthday, Eric had cornered me in the storage room.

His breath was warm on my face as he said, "Jen, I wanna try something..."

I thought it was the real thing, so I held onto that feeling and quietly liked him for years.

It turned out it was just a bet.

Regina's eyes welled up. "If you're mad, just take it out on me, okay? It's always been me taking the blame for everything since we were kids, so I'm used to it. So don't be mad at the others."

I stared at them and realized just how absurd they all seemed.

Back then, when Regina would pull her little theatrics in front of them, I would get flustered, hurt, and sometimes even cry because I felt so wronged.

But now? All I could think was how loud she was, and how dumb the rest of them looked falling for it every time.

"You done?" I glanced down at my phone. "My fiancé's almost here."

My calmness made Regina's words feel useless.

Then she suddenly grabbed my hand, eyes wide. "Jenny, don't joke like this! You always said you liked those three the most, so how could you suddenly have a fiancé?"

I gently pulled my hand back and held the real diamond on my ring finger up.

"Yeah, I liked them. Past tense." I wiggled my fingers slightly and smiled. "Now? I just like money."